

THE EVENING

The World.

Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 13 to 21
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 48.....NO. 18,064.

PROSPERITY AND SOCIALISM.

Considering that we are led to believe that national prosperity now amounts to an epidemic and that full dinner pails are drugs in the market, it seems singularly inconsistent that our Socialistic vote should have grown from \$6,000 to 400,000 within the last two years.

What can be the reason for this unreasonable growth? Is it that these Socialistic enthusiasts are fighting for a principle and not for a practical result; that they care not how gorged individual dinner pails may be, but must have one vast national dinner pail into which \$6,000,000 Americans will plunge their hands like Italians grabbing for spaghetti; or can it be that prosperity, that fastidious jade, has been over-partial with her favors and, like others of her sex, has spurned the courtship of those who needed her, only to lavish her gratuitous caresses on those already wedded to success? That the dinner pails which she has filled are those of gold and not of tin? And that she has a misanthropic chaperon called Increased Cost of Living who casts a scowl on whomsoever Prosperity bestows a smile and on every one else besides?

If this is so it readily explains how so many of Prosperity's discarded suitors have joined the visionary ranks of those who would by legislation force an essentially snobbish wench to be half-fellow-well-met with \$30,000,000 people.

A Romantic House.—The patriotic sentiment which seeks to have the city preserve for the public the old Jumel mansion at Edgecombe avenue and One Hundred and Sixtieth street should be encouraged. More genuine revolutionary romance clusters about that historic house than in half a dozen Halls of Records. The great men who crossed its threshold to attend the receptions of the two celebrated women who were several mistresses of it were worthy to fill a Hall of Fame of their own.

THE SOLDIERS' CHRISTMAS TAX.

Like the good, kind, law-abiding creature that he is, Uncle Sam will give proof to his soldiers in the Philippines in the coming Christmas time that he has not forgotten them. As an earnest of his beneficence he will exact tariff taxes on the presents sent to them by friends and relatives in America. So will they be assured that wherever the flag floats protection still reigns for the infant industries that were in the beginning, are now and perhaps ever shall be.

Were any of these soldiers who will pay their Christmas tax to join in an uprising in the islands they would expect the penalty for treason, knowing that the Philippines are a part of the national domain—when it comes to fighting.

Being all of them loyal men in blue, they will of course make a cheerful holiday reason for the collectors, knowing that the islands are a foreign country—when it comes to tariffing.

Expansion presents no more "delightful paradox" than that which it is the privilege of these far-away soldiers to contemplate.

Not Up to Their Expectation.—The people of Duluth, Minn., having expressed their dissatisfaction with a lecture delivered there by Bishop Potter, the Bishop has returned to the managers of the lecture the amount of his compensation, \$150. The main point of complaint, as voiced by a local newspaper, was that the chief prelate of the Episcopal Church "failed to present his thoughts with originality or newness of treatment." Proctor's Knott's reference to Duluth as the "Zenith city of the unsalted seas" seems still to hold good. It is a bit fresh.

THE PUBLIC TO PAY THE BILL.

The raising of railway wages has now extended, by actual or promised increase, to 650,000 employees, more than one-half of all in the service. Such an era of industrial good will was never before known. The French King who wanted prosperity to be so general that every one of his subjects could have a chicken in his pot on Sunday might see here the addition of a beefsteak a day to more than half a million dinner tables by the munificence of the railway directors.

But a word of comment on this munificence by a Pennsylvania executive official yesterday merits attention: "We have advanced the wages of our employees," he said. "And it is only fair that the public should contribute toward it, and this can be done by increasing the freight rates."

It usually comes to that in the end—the public pays the bill. The cost of living having increased the benevolent manager raises wages to meet the increase. Then to offset the raise of wages he makes commodities dearer still by adding a little to the charges for carrying them. The public's back is broad and is used to such burdens.

A TEACHER'S SUICIDE.

Speaking before the New York Educational Council Dr. Albert P. Marble, Assistant School Superintendent of New York City, said: "See that no young woman with supersensitive nerves is ever placed before a class of children to be tormented by the healthy ebulliences of their superabundant activity and to turn that cheerful and sportive life into the bitterness of angry discontent." And almost as the words were leaving his lips a young teacher of supersensitive nerves in the Rivington street school was drinking carbolic acid to end the drudgery of her daily toil.

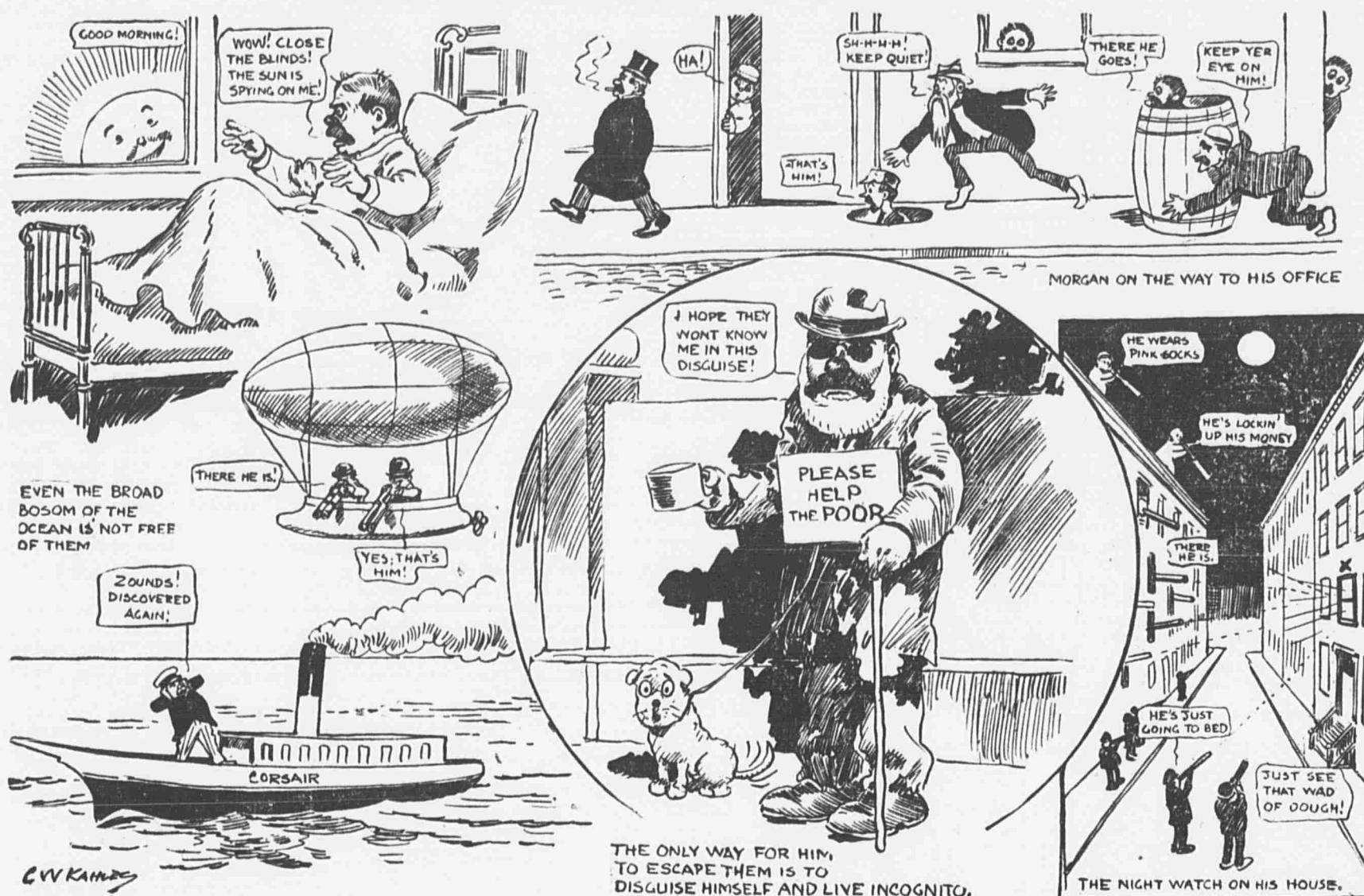
The girl in question was young and well educated, but in her physician's words, "of a nervous temperament." She "had chided a boy who was annoying her and when he continued to be unruly she seized him by the shoulder and shook him." Fear of dismissal for this infraction of discipline overcame her mental balance and she killed herself.

Under the old dispensation a schoolmaster could "lick" a refractory pupil and the parent usually approved. Under the new a rebuke from "teacher" is told to papa, papa makes complaint to the principal and the principal draws up charges against the offending teacher for submittal to the Board of Education. Quite likely the teacher has to go. "Ebullitions" must be encouraged. Dr. Marble is undoubtedly right about supersensitive nerves in teachers; and concerning the merits of this particular case we are not sufficiently enlightened, as all the facts have not been published. But the general proposition may be advanced that there is much codding of the young idea in schools nowadays and that "superabundant activity" is left unsuppressed to future disadvantage of the child manifesting it.

Mind Cure Upheld.—The Nevada (Mo.) postmaster having held up a mental healer's mail on the ground that his healing methods were fraudulent, the Federal Supreme Court has reversed the judgment of the lower courts and ruled against the postmaster. Justice Peckham, who delivered the opinion, maintains that the efficacy of any particular method of treatment of disease is not a matter for the decision of the post-office authorities and that there is no exact standard of truth to prove mind cure false. In affirming the decision that a patient may choose what healer he pleases and that in the absence of express statutory prohibition a practitioner of any school may not be restrained in his practice.

Spies Are More Trouble to Morgan Than His Money.

Artist Kahles's Suggestion to the Great Financier.



J. P. Morgan is pursued from morning until night by an army of detectives hired to camp on his trail and see that he doesn't stub his toe, hit his funny-bone against his office furniture or sneeze in an influenza-ish way. There is only one thing he can do to escape their gum-shoe attentions. That thing Mr. Kahles points out in his picture. No detective, however lynx-eyed, would be able to discern the Wall Street monarch in such a disguise. He could easily give the sleuths the slip, and then maybe there wouldn't be fun!

WISDOM OF THE M. D.



CLOSE GAME.



LONG LIFE.



ONE WHO KNEW.



Mme. Judice Helps Home Dressmakers.

Mme. Judice, who is connected with one of the leading dress-making establishments of this city, has been secured by The Evening World, and will conduct this department, in which home dressmakers will be given helpful advice. Questions relating to dressmaking will be answered by Mme. Judice.

Dear Mme. Judice:

I HAVE a very pretty shade of Nile green albatross, which I would like to have made up into a very handsome dress, as I am going to be bridesmaid at a wedding. ROSIE L. Your Nile green albatross cloth will make up beautifully for a bridesmaid gown, according to the above sketch. The new lace coat is particularly appropriate for such an occasion, made of all over lace of pale cream or white, with circular tail rounding up at the hips. It is optional whether you trim the skirt with lace, but the design is quite a new idea. The strapping on skirt and blouse are of the albatross cloth or taffeta silk (self-toned) as you prefer. The scarf under the strapped collar and elbow cuff is point d'esprit with same shade as the lace. It also is fitted in the tucks in the vest and full lower sleeve.

PLAID SKIRT AND WAIST.

Dear Mme. Judice: I have a piece of woolen plaid goods enough to make a skirt, 3 1/2 yards 44 inches wide, like sample. Kindly suggest a way of making it up. Also something that would make a pretty shirt waist to go with it. I am seventeen years old and 5 feet 8 1/2 inches tall. Medium stout for my age. Something to deduct from my height. F. C. Flatbush, L. I. Your sample of Scotch plaid will combine nicely with blue, tan or green, the shades in the material, for a blouse. A green metallic dotted velvet would make a dressy blouse in the Gibson pattern. Flannel in the polka dot blue and green is good for everyday wear. A cream lace pointed collar will go nicely with



A BRIDESMAID'S DRESS (Designed for Rosie L.)

from your height, as the flounced effect has that tendency. Machine stitching is sufficient trimming. THE SHORT SKIRT. Perhaps it is because the short-skirted costume demands the greater nicety in its details that it was its way so slowly. It takes the woman of smart instincts to carry it properly. For instance, to the critical eye it requires boots rather than shoes; the broken-up effect of skirt and shoes, with a sight of stocking, is not nearly

COMPLEXION AND COLOR.

It used to be thought that a certain line of colors was especially appropriate for blondes and another line for brunettes. But ideas on these points have changed, and it is not possible to advise people what to wear without seeing them. Every one should be able to judge for herself and by trying various colors find which agrees with the tint of the skin. For there are many shades of blonde complexions and the colorless, fair-haired woman cannot wear what the highly tinted yellow-tressed creature will find becoming. Light blue is supposed to be the color for blondes, yet it is equally becoming to some very dark brunettes. Auburn-haired girls used to taboo red. Now they often wear it, though not always with pleasing results. Browns in all shades is very becoming to red-haired people. So is black, dark green and dark blue. More care must be taken when light colors are chosen. Black is not becoming to every one, but is often improved by a white or some fluffy black stuff about the throat.

TO ALTER A BLACK TAFFETA.

Dear Mme. Judice: How can I alter black taffeta dress lining, yoke of fish tute; also turning of same skirt, an old-fashioned over-skirt? Mrs. W. Match your black taffeta silk as the easiest way to remodel your dress and make a circular graduated flounce in the bottom of your old-fashioned overskirt beaded by your jet trimming. Make a yoke on your bodice of black or white lace, and edge with the jet; also put below the elbow of the lace to change the style of your sleeve.

A WIDE-AWAKE DOCTOR.

When, in 1870, Dr. Mathieu Bilherre received his diploma from a medical school in Portugal he looked about for some place that was without a physician, where he could build up a practice which he would not be compelled to share with others, says Success. The small island of St. Thomas, not far from the African coast, in the Gulf of Guinea, seemed to suit his purpose, and, settling there in the fall of 1870, he soon had a paying practice among the natives. Moreover, in his journeys on muleback through the valleys and among the mountains of the island, he was quick to notice that the soil was unusually fertile, and that, with the climate, it was especially adapted to the cultivation of cocoa trees, whose seeds constitute the cocoa beans of commerce. The young doctor kept the discovery to himself, but every cent that he could save went for the purchase of land; so that, in a few years, land being cheap, he was the owner of tracts aggregating many hundreds of acres. Meantime, he established a nursery. There he cultivated cocoa plants till they were about fifteen inches tall, and hired natives to set them out on his land as fast as he bought it. He joined in the work himself in the intervals of his visits to the sick, and his wife also assisted him in setting out plants. The plants began to bear in four years, and at the end of the eighth year were in full productive vigor, assuring him of a fortune.

HOT SHOT FOR A THIEF.

A city clockmaker has placed the following notice in his window: "The misgirded creature who removed the thermometer from this door had better get it, as it will be of no use where he is going, as it only registers 125 degrees."—London Express.

SOMEBODIES.

CAINE, MRS. HALL—says Baltimore is more like home than any other American city she has seen. DEWEY, ADMIRAL—has been made President of the Thomas Jefferson Memorial Association, with power to choose his own Vice-Presidents. He is going to select Joe Jefferson, the actor, as one of these. DIAZ, PRESIDENT—of Mexico, who has of late been nicknamed the "Grand Old Man" of his republic, will retire from the Presidency at the beginning of 1903. EMPRESS DOWAGER—of China is building her own tomb, as did Calve some time ago. KAISER WILHELM—has taken to wearing a monocle, not as a fad, but to cure an astigmatism. In consequence there has been a boom in the monocle trade throughout Germany. LEWANIKI, KING—of Barotseland, made some stir by appearing among his primitive subjects, on his recent return from England, decked in a high hat, frock coat, patent leather boots and kid gloves, and brandishing a cane and an umbrella.

A Few Remarks.

Mostly on the Topics of the Day.

Despite the auto craze, the Horse still remains as a peg to hang a Show on. No wonder the "Flatiron" is fire-proof! The Horse Show is a temperance place. Though 'twas opened with a "horn," For hunters that would pause at "bars" Of ribbons blue are shorn. "Why do you suppose they cut down that big tree's branches, Johnny?" "To fit one of its little trees, I guess, papa." "His honor prevented him from cheating me." "More likely he was afraid His Honor'd send him to jail." A single ballot would have injured King Leopold far more than did all three bullets. A Jan bride, 'tis said, waits the Siamese Prince. Somewhere near the Tokio border. A story that ought to suffice to convince Our girls of "The Butterfly Order" That the gay Siamese on whose smile they've been leaning. Gave the word "Butterfly" no impersonal meaning. If a German bear dared treat the Kaiser with half the respect the Minksi alpi bears, showed toward Roosevelt in the earlier part of the Presidential hunt, bruin would probably now be languishing in jail on a less majestic charge. Teddy, Jr.'s eye is still the cynosure of the public's. Loud laughed the auto as it watched The Garden's equine pageant: "To draw the crowd for ore brief week The horse needs big press agents. But, till folks every highway shirk, I'll do my own press-agent work." "She is too young to care for an old man who is in his dotage." "Yes, she's still in her antedotage." John D. Rockefeller, Jr., exhorts his Sunday-school class to follow the tea-h

A ROMANCE OF THE DAY'S NEWS 'ROUND THE WORLD FOR A WIFE.

They Met in This City, Became Engaged in Europe and Were Married in Honolulu.

WHAT amazed Tom Hurley more than any other thing that he first came to America was the fact that he could not make the most casual inquiry of a stranger without being asked in turn, "You're an Englishman, are you not?" For he was quite as unconscious of the insular softness and thickiness of his speech as he was of the peculiar cut of his London-made clothes or the unusual appearance in New York streets of the small plaid cap in which he frequently ran about of the morning. He was, like the meanest and graced of his race, proud of his English birth, but the inevitable question grew in time to be annoying. So when he was presented to Caroline Louise Voght, and she interrupted his little speech about having hoped to meet her, with the exclamation, "Why, you are an Englishman, aren't you?" he was for the moment disconcerted, and perhaps, a trifle disillusioned. There was not a chance introduction, but one he had persistently sought ever since he had begun to meet the girl as they crossed the Brooklyn Bridge together every morning. For Tom Hurley while acting as New York agent for a large London firm had engaged rooms in a somewhat old-fashioned section of Brooklyn, not far from the Brooklyn Bridge, where Miss Voght, who was studying music in New York City, lived with her father and mother in the more secluded borough. He had admired the pretty little American girl the more because she was totally unlike the very obvious type which he had come to associate with the national beauty. For he had not learned that New York contains within its crowded limits probably every variety of loveliness recognized by civilized men. Miss Voght invited the young Englishman to call at her home and in a few days he was there, and he was with her to what was at first inclined to consider a very undignified degree. He was an only son, and the mother and sister he had left in London had accustomed him to the subservient tenderness which the English woman accords to mankind.

At first he had not been sure that he liked the merry, inconsequent comradeship of the American girl, whose mental attitude was distinctly not that of an inferior, but whose physical aspect appealed to him more than that of any woman he had ever seen before. "You are the finest little girl I ever met," he said one afternoon in what was for him a burst of enthusiasm, as they were crossing Prospect Park to her home. Miss Voght turned in her walk and looked at him, her small head tilted characteristically, her delicately pencilled brows arching high over her brilliant eyes. "Nonsense!" she exclaimed. "When you go back home and fall in love with one of those dowdy, beery, but awfully pretty English women you'll wonder what you ever saw in such a skinny little American girl! I would really like to know what your ideal girl is like." "Do you know I have begun to think lately that you are she," replied the young man slowly, with the deferential tone of the strong, square shoulders

that Miss Voght liked and had grown to look for. She laughed, but laid a little hand lightly and caressingly on his arm. "Just leave me out for a minute and tell me what a girl must be like to please you. No, don't look at me!" "The young man placed his long, well-knit hand on the girl's as it rested on his coat sleeve. And the motion, full of respect and tenderness, seemed to satisfy the faint sentimental impulse, for he proceeded to obey her command in a matter-of-fact voice. "To begin with, I like dark girls," he said. "And I have never liked a woman who did not have a good figure. Sometimes women that have appealed to me have been quite ugly except for fine eyes and strong white teeth. They must have both to interest me at all." Miss Voght could not help being pleased. "I told you to leave me out," she said. But the fingers that he held pressed his ever so slightly. It was the only sentimental passage that occurred between them. For the next week Tom Hurley sailed for England in response to an urgent call from his firm. No one ever knew except Louise Voght, and she has never told whether a lingering recollection of her English lover was instrumental in causing the resolution which she formed a year later of completing her musical education abroad. In London by the merest chance, she declares, she met Tom Hurley. And when with her family she crossed the Channel to visit the Continent Tom Hurley also by the merest chance, discovered that the interests of his employers demanded a tour of Europe. He accompanied the family, and in a brief three-week association so pleasant that it became the desire of his life to make it permanent. He never forgot the anxiety of the few moments of tense silence that elapsed before Miss Voght consented to be his wife. It was more than anxiety. Indeed, it was an agony so un-British that he told himself it must be the effect of the soft Italian climate. He had hopes of an early wedding, but upon his return to London found that his firm had planned for him a tour of Asia and a circuit of the globe, covering a period of two years. Reluctantly he asked his fiancée to postpone the marriage. "I will come to me in Japan!" he wrote, near the end of his long journey, "there we will be married by the altar of the land of the rising sun. I will gather the tiny cups of tea as Sir John Arnold did when he wedded his Japanese bride." It seemed to the young lover awaiting the coming of his American sweetheart that the land of the chrysanthemum, with the bright tints of its verdure, the tender tones of its scented blossoms, and the put on its best kimono in her honor. But the fates again interfered, for when Miss Voght reached San Francisco on route to the East, she found a letter from Mr. Hurley telling of an epidemic of cholera in Japan and suggesting that their marriage take place in Honolulu. There at last the lovers met and the long delayed wedding took place. So ended the true romance of Caroline Louise Voght, daughter of Mrs. John S. Voght, of No. 183 McDonough street, Brooklyn, and Thomas Hurley, of London.